

H. O'Keefe
LOVE IN A CAMP:

OR,

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA:

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1785.

By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

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[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marshal Fehrbellin	-	-	Mr. DAVIES.
Father Luke	-	-	Mr. WILSON.
Captain Patrick	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Rupert	-	-	Mr. W. PALMER.
Olmütz	-	-	Mr. CUBITT.
Quiz	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Darby	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Norah	-	-	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Flora	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.
Mabel Flourish	-	-	Mrs. WEBB.

Servants, Postmen, Waiters, &c.



SCENE—THE PRUSSIAN CAMP NEAR BRESLAW.

LOVE IN A CAMP:

OR,

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A remote Part of the Camp.*

Soldiers discovered cleaning their fire arms.

AIR.—CHORUS.

SO cheerful, so happy, we boys of the blade,
Prepare all to meet on the shining parade;
Then rub,
And scrub,
Your musket, your belt, and your bayonet bright,
We'll rub,
We'll scrub,

Our muskets, our belts, and our bayonets bright.
In spatterdash white, as he throws up his leg,
Each rank and file marches a bold Scanderbeg;
The ladies admiring,
Our charging and firing,
Our standing and kneeling,
To right and left wheeling.

A smile from a woman's a soldier's delight,
They love us, we love 'em, and for 'em we'll fight;
We'll jovially sing,
Drink a health to our king,
And make the camp ring.

Drum beats roll call.—Exeunt.

A 2

Capt.

Capt. P. (without) No, no: take the horses back to the inn.

Enter CAPTAIN PATRICK and POST-BOY.

As I've reach'd the piquet guard, I shall easily find out Marshal Fehrbellin's tent.

[Exit POST-BOY.]

So! here am I in the camp at Grossen-tintz—but now to inquire for the Marshal's quarters, if I cou'd be so lucky as to find Darby—let's see his scrawl—*(Takes out a letter and reads.)*

"My dear Paddy! By your example, I am now
"turn'd gentleman soldier in the Prussian service
"—such favor with all our officers! I'm in the
"high road to preferment; so in that case, like
"our brave Prussian hero, I'm learning to kill
"man, woman, and child: and am your loving
"friend till death."

Ha, ha, ha! So then Darby by this I suppose is a very great man indeed.

(Fifes without.)

Enter ADJUTANT, SOLDIERS, DRUMMERS, (with whips, &c.) and DARBY Prisoner.

Adjutant. Halt!

Capt. P. Some poor devil to be flogg'd!

Darby. Oh dear Mr. Adjutant—Mr. Serjeant—my good little Drummers—don't go to whip me—I shall never bear it.

Capt. P. By Heaven it's my old friend Darby! poor fellow! Is this his high preferment? *(aside.)*

Adjutant. Strip!

Darby. I tell you I never strip but when I'm going to bed.

Adjutant.

Adjutant. Drummers, prepare your cat-o'-nine tails.

Darby. Oh! why? What the devil are you about, friend Nimblewrist?

Drummer. Don't you see I'm tying knots?

Darby. That's very childish work! What are you at there, Tommy Tickleback?

Adjutant. Right—plait the whipcord with wire.

Darby. Whipcord and wire! oh! can you—have you the heart—my dear friends—messmates—comrades—my own gay companions—oh!!—then if I must be flogg'd—mind, if I don't like it, you're to leave off.

Capt. P. You, Sir, are the Adjutant, I presume—Pray what's this man's crime?

Adjutant. Only a suspicion of drunkenness, and sleeping on his post.

Darby. I fell asleep and never dreamt that I was to be flogg'd for it. (*cries*)

Adjutant. Ha, ha, ha! You hear, Sir—A pleasant good-natur'd poor fellow; but never out of mischief:—from his arch tricks, he's so great a favorite with our officers, that none of them cou'd bear to be lookers-on, and indeed, we've orders for the sentence to be executed in a more private and gentle manner than usual—I myself have a particular friendship for poor Darby—(*apart.*) Strip you dog!

Capt. P. A moment, Sir—Who is your Captain?

Adjutant. He that we had, Sir, is exchange'd, and our new one not being arrived yet from Berlin, I may say that indeed now we have no Captain.

Capt. P. I am he.

Adjutant. Sir!

Darby (looking at the CAPTAIN). Eh!—No!—Yes!—Pat!—Patrick!—Paddy! Oh my dear, dear

dear friend—oh my sweet Captain Paddy! (*runs and embraces him.*)

Capt. P. Suspend his punishment till I speak to the commanding officer.

Darby. Huzza! Didn't I say he was Captain Paddy?

Adjutant. We hadn't heard, Sir, of your arrival—you're welcome to the camp; and if it is your desire, I think I may venture a respite.

Capt. P. You may.

Darby. Oh yes you may—you may pardon me too; the Devil a harm that'll do anybody—He, he, he!

Adjutant. Sir, as you answer for the prisoner—release him!

Darby. Release me!

Capt. P. Sir, you're very obliging.

Darby. Sir, you're very obliging. (*bows to the ADJUTANT*). He, he, he—Comrades—friends—my gay worthy companions, Master Nimblewrist and Tommy Tickleback, go find another mouse for your cat-o'-nine-tails—go—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt all but DARBY and Captain PATRICK.* Pat, I'm so glad to see you—Oh Lord! how you come to save me like my good—I believe you dropp'd from the skies; let's feel—did an angel ever wear a blue coat?

Capt. P. But how, how is all this, Darby? I left you at your little farm in Ireland, and here I find you at a whipping-post in Silesia: how have you contrived to bring all this promotion about, you ingenious rogue?

Darby. 'Twas you; you have done it all—that cursed pair of colours that Captain Fitzroy clap'd into your fist set me all a-gog for a General's staff, and as I cou'dn't turn soldier whilst I was worth two-pence, I sold off the farm.

Capt

Capt. P. Then away went ploughs, flails, sheep and cows.

Darby. Aye; after that jade Kathleen jilted me, it was all up; and to Dublin on my long-tail'd garron—Gee-up went Darby.

Capt. P. And while the splinters held out—

Darby. Oh, I didn't flash it away (*ironically*); Very ordinary clothes I bought to be sure; shew'd 'em the soul of an Irish boy; but when all was gone, says I, I'll go try my fortune in London, knowing I shou'd meet some lads o' the shamrock there; but muddled a little with taking leave of this body and that body—the blundering wherry-men, instead of the Park-gate Pacquet, put me on board a ship bound for the Baltic—didn't find my mistake 'till I was landed at Dantzick, very genteely, without a second coat to my back; so from hunger and the drill here, you see me a Prussian hero, huzza!

Capt. P. But how comes it, Darby, that the army, instead of improving, shou'd have made you irregular?

Darby. Me! Lord I'm the most regular—every day as sure as the day comes, I tip off my two half gallons.

Capt. P. Darby, have a care—if you tippie—

Darby. Me tippie! but sure when nobody's by, what harm can it do your military discipline, if we—He, he, he! crack a joke, and have a laugh about old times? Pat, don't you remember that evening that Dermot was filling the brown jug for you and I, and father Luke, at the three jolly gooses, how we—

Enter OLMUTZ.

(*DARBY suddenly changes to respect and deference.*)—Your Honor likes a broil'd goose?

LOVE IN A CAMP:

—oh, very well, your Honor—Corporal, tell the Sütler—

Olm. Sir—Marshal Fehrbellin—inform'd—your arrival—compliments—see your honor—his tent—half an hour—

Capt. P. My respects and I shall wait on him.

Olm. Tell him so. [Exit.

Capt. P. Our brother soldier here is very sparing of his words.

Darby. Corporal Olmutz—yes; but he found words enough to inform against me for sleeping on my post; I'll be up with him.

Capt. P. A devilish smart girl yonder—Darby, do you know her?

Darby. Eh! oh yes, very well—never saw her before though (*aside*). She's been selling her fruit in Breslaw I see; come this way, and I'll introduce you. [They retire.

Enter FLORA with an empty flower basket.

AIR.—FLORA.

The tuneful birds, how sweet they sing,
How gay the dainty flow'rets spring,
How light the milkmaid's brimming pail,
As chaunting o'er the flow'ry dale;
'Tis love that wafts her blithe along,
That paints the flowers and tunes the song.

Flora. Let's see (*reckoning money*). The peaches—yes, but what did I make by my strawberries? six fennins, one, two, three, four—ten creitzers; and my flowers too turn'd out vastly well.—I'll tie my money in the corner of my handkerchief, and then if any impudent fellow shou'd

CAPTAIN and DARBY advance.

Darby. Servant, my pretty lass! hem—she's your own—I know her, 'tis little Flora, sells apples and

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and flowers; lives at the corner of the west rampart.—Talk to her in her own way.

Capt. P. She's the sweetest flower in her own garden.

Flora. Did you want me, Sir?

AIR.—Captain PATRICK.

Dans votre lit, that bright parterre !
Shou'd Flora bloom a lilly fair ;
A smiling jonquil I cou'd be,
To blow, sweet flower, beside of thee,
Dans votre lit.

Or nodding on the thorny bush,
You droop to hide the rose's blush ;
The leafy umbrage make of me,
And in this breast you'll shelter'd be,
Dans votre lit.

When ev'ry flow'r that paints the ground,
Throws smiles and odours all around ;
Sweet flow'r, I'll prove thy faithful bee,
And honey sip from none but thee,
Dans votre lit.

Darby. Pray ar'n't you—a—a—a—what d'ye-call um girl, and don't you live at thing-o me village?

Flora. Well suppose so, what then?

Darby. What then, my dear? why this is a captain, and you shall have the honor of drinking some wine with his honor to-morrow evening in his honor's tent.

Flora. The fellow's a fool!

Capt. P. So he is, my love, but no harm in a glass of wine, my pretty Pomona.

TRIO.—Capt. PATRICK, FLORA, and DARBY.

Captain. My Angel!

Darby. Little girl!

Flora.

Flora. Who, me?

Captain. A moment stop.

Flora. Do stop me at your peril.

Darby. Your tent, and then a drop.

Flora. Nay Sir.

Captain. Why so cold, my charmer?

Darby. Brilliant Burgundy will warm her.

Captain. My cherry!

Darby. My plum!

In finger and thumb.

You shall fold the waist
Of the blushing glaſs.

Captain. My sweet roſy laſs!

Darby. While the nectar lip you taſte.

Captain. Such joy will I ſip

From your ripe balmy lip;

Your charms thus I'll clasp

(*puts his hand*

round her).

Darby. Thus the bottle I'll graſp.

Flora. How can you uſe me ſo?

Darby. Then up my dear you go.

Do let his honour buſs:

Captain. My ſweet! a moment ſtay.

Flora. How dare you uſe me thus

Upon the King's highway.

Darby. A turnpike man am I,

To take king Cupid's toll:

Captain. A kiſs—

Flora. I will paſs by.

Darby. You can't, upon my ſoul.

Captain. My lovely Sylvan beauty!

Flora. What ſhall I do, o'lack!

Darby. My ſweet! pay here the duty,

With a hearty ſmack. (*She ſtrikes him on
the cheek.*)

Piſe on your fiſt, my beauty!

Oh dang it what a whack!

Your cheek may take the duty

Of ſuch a doulſing ſmack. (*To the Captain.*)

[*Exit FLORA.*

Capt. P. A charming girl upon my ſoul!

Darby. Tol lol de rol—you ſhall have her.

Capt. P. Stop, Darby! are you ſure by my
kindneſs I ſh'an't be guilty of ſeduction; I
wou'dn't

wou'dn't for a transient pleasure bring lasting ruin on an innocent girl.

Darby. Psha! d'ye think I'd—I must push him on to an intrigue, to make myself of consequence (*aside*). Say no more; where's your wife Madam Norah?

Capt. P. I've left her behind me at Berlin, with her uncle.

Darby. Who? Father Luke! Ha, ha, ha! old two-to-one, that's so cursed clever at bringing mutton to his multiplication-table.

Capt. P. But now to wait on Marshal Fehrbelin. Eh—where shall I get on my shoes?

Darby. Lord, Sir! we all wear boots here in the camp, we shoe none but the horses—I'll do your mårquee up so gay and trim to-morrow—but for to-night—I'll bespeak apartments for you at Mabel Flourish's, where our officers mess. This way, Paddy—Come along, Captain—please your Honor.

[*Exit.*]

Capt. P. If these pretty lasses come much in my way, I shall stand in need of all my constancy.

AIR.—CAPTAIN.

Away ye giddy smiling throng,
Of tempting beauties fair and young;
My heart be true, altho' my tongue,
Shou'd sing of lovely Flora:
Or shou'd I gaze with fond desire,
Shou'd breath of roses fan the fire;
Or though I on a touch expire,
My soul is thine sweet Norah.

The bonds of Hymen o'er my mind,
My constant soul must ever bind;
To that dear woman left behind,
My kind, my tender Norah!
But, oh! I fear each mortal part,
Nay, e'en this true, this faithful heart,
Resistless to the Urchin's dart,
Shot by the eyes of Flora.

Illusive

Illeſive vapour, tranſient blaze,
 Oh ! vaniſh, while I wond'ring gaze ;
 But ſhine like Dian's ſilver rays,
 My paſſion chaſte for Norah :
 Yet Hymen winks, and Venus ſmiles,
 And paſſion ev'ry ſenſe beguiles ;
 And Cupid with his thouſand wiles
 Aſſiſts my charming Flora.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*Outside of MABEL FLOURISH's Houſe*
*—Over the door wrote—“ The Officers' Meſs-
 “ houſe, kept by MABEL FLOURISH.”*

Enter CAPTAIN PATRICK and DARBY (meeting).

Capt. P. Well, where are theſe apartments ?

Darby. This, this is the houſe, your Honor—
 Mabel Flourish's houſe—Waiter ! Houſe !

Enter WAITER.

Spread the grand Turkey-carpets and the Wilton
 counter-panes—rub up the mahogany tables—
 bring the old trumpeter's great arm chair into
 the ſtate bedchamber—get a waſh-ball and ſlip-
 pers—throw ſand upon the ſtairs, and kick the cat out
 of the way—That way, your Honor.

[Exit Captain PATRICK and WAITER.

Yonder is Olmutz—if I could engage him to carry
 off this girl for the Captain—yes Olmutz is the
 man ; he's a good large ſtrong wicked rogue—be-
 ſides if it's found out he'll be in for the puniſh-
 ment, and if he wants to excuſe himſelf by his clip-
 pings and his half words, they can ſcarce tell what
 he means ; ſome revenge for his getting me tied to
 the halberts. Ha ; the deuce now if little Quiz
 hasn't got along with him ; that fellow's never
 happy but when he's in company with great, big
 people—delights in everything that's large—can't
 drink

drink but out of gallons and rummer glasses—eats his meat with a carving knife, and picks his teeth with a bayonet. Coming in at our door here t'other day, he stooped like a gander under a gate, yet it being a little dark, broke his nose against the buckle of Olmutz's belt.—Swears he will be a grenadier.—Ha, ha, ha! (*retires.*)

Enter OLMUTZ and QUIZ.

Olm. Only whipp'd.

Quiz. I tell you Darby was shot—blown from the mouth of a cannon.

Darby (advancing). Your cannon's a great gun, for I was not shot.

Olm. Knew——was only whipp'd.

Darby. Knew——was only not whipp'd.

Quiz. Ah when I'm a trooper——

Darby. When shrimps are lobsters—you a trooper, you little imp of a devil you! Ha, ha, ha!

Olm. Ha, ha, ha!

Quiz. Very well, gentlemen!—very well!—but the sword fish is not a whale, nor the lion an elephant—nor am I seven foot high—spirit don't consist in bone and muscle—it's the heart—the heart, by the god of war!

Olm. (looking out) Marshal Fehrbellin!

Quiz. Oh! now gentlemen you shall see what the Marshal will say to me—See if, like your Martinets of officers, he'll refuse me a place in the grenadier corps—but hold—I'll appear before him in my new purchase. [*Exit.*]

Darby. Hey! the Marshal may be for casting up the reckoning that he ordered to be scored on my back. Olmutz, your hand—Your turning tell-tale upon me wasn't so well; but brother soldiers

thou'd forget and forgive; and to shew you I do, I'll put you in a way of making our new captain here your friend for ever.—Mabel! (*calls.*)

Enter MABEL FLOURISH.

Mrs. Flourish, stop you here and answer the Marshal.

Mabel F. Me speak to his Highness!

Darby. Hearkye, Olmutz.

[*DARBY and OLMUTZ retire.*]

[*Enter MARSHAL FEHRBELLIN and Soldiers.*]

Marshal F. Who saw the Irish officer from Berlin?

Mabel F. Please your honor, the Captain is only changing his cloaths; but I'll tell him your Highness requires his attendance.

Marshal F. Hold, don't disturb him—I'll send my Aid-de-camp with a plan of our intended manoeuvres—A tall woman (*aside.*) What's your name?

Mabel F. Mabel Flourish, please your Highness. My father was a trumpeter in the guards, please your Highness.

Marshal F. Oh poor old Flourish—Ha! I remember him—Are you married?

Mabel F. No, please your Highness; I'm a maid at your service.

Marshal F. Not married, ha!—(*surveying her.*) To match her with one of our tallest men must produce soldiers to the full standard; the king does not approve of this method, but without it our troops must in time degenerate. Ha! yonder's a good tall fellow—Soldier! (*calls*) (*OLMUTZ advances*) (*looks alternately at him and MABEL*) They must do very well (*aside.*) Soldier, are you married?

Olm.

Olm. No—Highness.

Marshal F. (*tears a leaf out of his pocket book, and writes with a pencil*) Can you read?

Olm. Don't know—never try'd—please Highness.

Marshal F. I'll have this perform'd, and by our new Irish Captain, it will give him a sample of the strictness of our Prussian military discipline (*aside*). Deliver this to your Captain.—Yes, very well matched indeed. [*Exit attended.*]

Mabel F. His Highness is generally very proud; I never saw him so sweet and condescending (*bell rings*). Oh dear the new-come Captain.

[*Exit into the house.*]

Darby. Olmutz, what's the matter—what's his Highness been saying to you? What have you got there?

Olm. Only—Marshal ordered—deliver paper—new Captain.

Darby (*reads it apart*). “Marshal Fehrbellin's best regards wait on Captain Patrick—desires he will with all dispatch have the bearer married to Mabel Flourish—She shall have a portion of fifty rix-dollars from the military chest.”—For getting me tied to the flogging post, friend Olmutz shall never touch these dollars—no, no—(*aside*). Hem! Olmutz, you'd better not wait to give this to the Captain, but according to your promise come along with me about that business.

O/m. Yes, but—paper's consequence—let's hear—what's about.

Darby. Oh, you shall hear what it's about my fine fellow—(*pretends to read*). “Marshal Fehrbellin's compliments to Captain Patrick, desires he will with all dispatch make the bearer, for one hour, ride the great wooden horse, with five carbines tied to each leg.”

Olm.

Olm. (alarmed). Me!—Devil!—what have—done?—

Darby. I don't know—poor fellow! did he ask you any questions?

Olm. Yes—ask'd—cou'd read.

Darby. And I warrant you said no?

Olm. No—didn't—said—never try'd.

Darby. That's what has undone you.

Olm. By the Lord!—severest officer—whole army.—Punish man—cause can't read.—Court martial—not—too—(*walks*).

Darby. Yes, and such a fine tall clever fellow as you—Oh! upon my word his Highness is too severe—Olmutz—harkye—Ha, ha, ha! I've a thought—this paper does'nt mention your name, it only says “the bearer”—suppose we desire little Quiz to deliver it; the Captain without any ceremony wou'd mount him on the great horse.

Olm. Good—friend Darby! do so.

Darby. I must seal the note though; for if he shou'd have the impudence to read it, our joke is spoil'd.

Olm. Stop—wafer box—window. [*Exit.*

Darby. Ha, ha, ha! I'll have a rare joke out of this.

Re enter OLMUTZ with a wafer, DARBY seals the Note.

Olm. Hush—comes—Quiz.

Darby. There—don't laugh?

Enter QUIZ in large Grenadier's cap, sabre, belt, spurs, &c.

Quiz. Well, now I'm equip'd—I make a very foolish bit of a soldier—don't I—Hem! where's the Marshal?

Darby.

Darby. He's only gone from hence this moment—I don't know how it comes about, but you're in high favor with his Highness.

Quiz. Me! I thought so—Merit can't be long hid.

Darby. I've done your business with him.

Quiz. How?

Darby. Here I fancy under this wafer lies your promotion; I gave such a character of you to his Highness. I told him you were six-foot, cap and all, and this note his Highness left for you to give to the Captain.

Quiz. His Marshalship honors me much.

Olm. Dare say—Quiz—soon exalted (*winks at DARBY.*)

Quiz. Aye, little as I am now, I may look down on people bigger than myself.

Olm. May so—look down from wooden horse (*aside*). Give letter—Captain?

Quiz. D'ye think I'd neglect his Highness's orders?

Darby. Here he is. Come, Olmutz, we must see about getting this pretty girl for the Irish officer.

[*Exeunt DARBY and OLMUTZ.*]

Enter Captain PATRICK from the house.

Capt. P. So now for the Marshal's quarters—but no finding Darby to conduct me—oh, perhaps this soldier may—hey? what sort of figure have we here? (*seeing QUIZ.*)

Quiz. Hem! Sir, I'm ordered by his Highness Marshal Fehrbellin. to deliver this billet to your Honor (*gives it*).

Capt. P. (*having perused it*) Ha, ha, ha! a whimsical sort of duty this, but I'll obey—his Majesty

Majesty wishes to replenish the race of drummers I suppose (*aside*).—And pray friend where is this Mabel Flourish.

Quiz. Sir! now what can he want with her? (*aside*)—Oh, here comes Mabel, an please your Honor.

Enter MABEL.

Capt. P. This!—Ha, ha, ha!

Mabel F. Sir, will you take the key of your portmanteau, or shall I give it to Darby?

Capt. P. Ha, ha, ha! This will be a whimsical match, faith; but I suppose you're both agreed in the affair; you're determin'd.

Quiz. Yes, I'm resolv'd—Honor's my mistress, and for her I'll die.

Capt. P. Oh, very well; then I'll send for the chaplain, and see you both married immediately.

Mabel F. See us married!

Quiz. How! Oh Darby has indeed done my business one way, ha, ha, ha! I had no notion the fellow had such interest (*aside*).

Capt. P. And pray what's your name?

Quiz. Quiz Oddbody.

Capt. P. Then Mr. Oddbody I give you joy, I'm order'd by the Marshal to see you married to that gentlewoman immediately.

Mabel F. Me!

Quiz. Well, this is the strangest—I had no notion of marrying, but this is such a prodigious—such a great match——

Mabel F. Your Honor, seriously, does his Highness insist upon my marrying that champagne?

Capt. P. Here I've his Highness's express commands, and Madam, he orders you a portion of fifty rix-dollars from the military chest.

Mabel F. Oh, that's another thing—there's my hand, Mr. Quiz!

Quiz. Hem! Madam, I shall be proud—to be man of the house.

Mabel F. I shall have the handsomest booth in the camp to-morrow.

Capt. P. Come let's attend the chaplain.

[*Exit.*

Mabel F. Aye, let's go to chapel.

Quiz. Chapel! we'll be married in a cathedral, we will, by the god of war.

AIR.—QUIZ.

All fierce and military,
Cross buff belts and regimentals new,
High cap rough and hairy,
At the grand review.

With spur and boot,
Adorn the foot,
To grace the field, while pateraroes shoot
Fire and smoke,
All a joke,
Bullets whiz,
Bully Quiz

Erect as a sturdy oak,

On my charger prancing,
Rat tat tat his hoofs shall beat the ground;
Great glove and broad sword glancing,
Salute the ladies round:

In the grand pas rear,
Up the pavement tear,
Like a noble Colonel at my men I swear,
Hey, the fight,
To the right,
Keep the rank,
Guard the flank,

Zounds! I'll soon be a brigadier.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A small Cottage, adjoining to it an Arbour.*

Enter DARBY, OLMUTZ, and two SOLDIERS.

Darby. Softly—Olmutz, this is her father's house—it seems her head runs upon one Rupert, a young Hussar that's abroad somewhere—but our Captain shall have her, my boys.

Olm. Hush—yonder comes—tripping along—where hiding place?

Darby. That green summer-house—but here's the girl—go to the ambuscade.

Olm. You come?

Darby. Me! no, never mind me—you know I must look about, and see that everything is secret—you shall have the glory of this action all to yourself—my dear Olmutz, I wou'dn't rob you of a single—lash, you villain (*aside*).—

[*Exeunt OLMUTZ and Soldiers into the arbour.*
Ha, ha, ha! Captain Pat shall have the sweet chestnut, and I'll keep my paw out of the fire. Aye, here she comes indeed—this is lucky—we're in a fair way (*retires*).]

Enter FLORA, crosses into the arbour.

DARBY, (*advancing*), There little puss pops into the snare—(*goes towards the arbour*).—

Enter Marshal FEHRBELLIN and Captain PATRICK.

Marschal F. Yes, Sir, the review is politicly necessary; for shou'd the Emperor be inclined to revive the claim upon Silesia, by keeping his troops in readiness, our wise and vigilant sovereign is prepar'd to oppose him.

Flora

Flora (without). Help! help! oh, my father, save me!

Darby advancing. Huzza! they have her: (*sees the MARSHAL*) S'blood and thunder (*going*)!

Marshal F. Stop, what's the matter here, speak!

Darby. The matter, please your Highness—the devil, what shall I do (*aside*).—Sir, it's that Olmutz—he's a very bad man, for all I could say to him, he wou'd run after a young woman yonder over the daisies and butter-cups.

Marshal F. Call him hither!

Darby. Olmutz! come to the Marshal!

Enter OLMUTZ.

Olm. Marshal! devil! got her off though (*apart to Darby*).

Darby. Don't talk to me—answer his Highness, you wicked rogue!

Olm. Please Highness—thought no harm—man get pretty girl for officer.

Marshal F. What officer?

Olm. Honor—new Captain there (*points to Captain Patrick*).

Marshal F. How, Sir! is this the service in which you employ your men?

Capt. P. What have you been about here, you scoundrel! (*apart to Darby*.)

Darby (to Olmutz). Aye, why don't you speak? what have you been about here, you scoundrel!

Marshal F. Your crime was only obedience to a superior, that has sunk himself even below your level (*to Olmutz*); but, Sir, (*to Captain*), I never thought I shou'd have an occasion to remind an officer that the very top and feather of his duty, is a privilege to protect the fair; and it is with regret

I tell you, Sir, that this act of violence, which reflects dishonour to your profession, obliges me to suspend your command.

Capt. P. Sir—if your Highness will give me leave to explain—

Marshal F. When the King arrives, Sir, he may use his pleasure.

Darby. Oh, dang it! then, after all, Olmutz won't be whipp'd (*aside*).

Marshal F. But, harkee, soldier, I thought I had appointed you other employment.

Olm. Yes, Sir—but if Honor—orders man—ride great horse—cause can't read—

Marshal F. A great horse—I thought her a comely personable woman—has the ceremony been performed?

Olm. Yes, Sir—dare say—that little Quiz knows (*aside*).

Marshal F. Then friend, as you are married—

Olm. Me!—Honor—not I.

Darby. Here they come—ha, ha, ha!

Enter QUIZ and MABEL.

Quiz. Spousy and I are come, Sir, to thank your Highness for all favors,

Mabel F. Bless me! I'm so much ashamed.

Marshal F. Tell me, Sir—what's the meaning of this? (*to Captain Patrick*).

Capt. P. Your Highness's letter desired me to have the bearer married to this woman—that man delivered it, and according to those orders, there you see your well-match'd couple (*bows*).

Olm. Oh then this—great horse—rascal Darby (*aside*). [Exit.]

Quiz. Please your Highness—Mabel and I are

now man and wife—and so, Sir, as we are but a young couple——

Marshal F. (fiercely) Retire!

[*Exeunt Quiz and Mabel.*]

Darby. Oh! I'd best sneak off, or I may knock my head against a whipping-post (*aside*). [*Exit.*]

Marshal F. Captain, this very equal match is what you in Ireland I suppose call a good joke, as I know a practical jest is the leading feature of your countrymen, I'm not so ill-tempered as to quarrel with your characteristic humour; but, Sir, the young woman that you ordered to be carried off, must in safety be restored to her parents, and I hope from your future conduct I shall not repent of my desire to be your friend. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter DARBY, looking after him.

QUARTETTO.

Darby. And is he gone? O! bug and bounds,
How near I was a thrashing;
But there's your uncle, Father Luke,
In Berlin chaise come dashing.

Captain. S'death! perhaps my Norah too!

Darby. We're in a hopeful hobble;
But I must to my awl and end,
The matter up to cobble.

Captain. Disgrac'd, I cannot face my wife!

Darby. Who bid her now to come, Sir?

Captain. And such a cause, then Father Luke,

Darby. Your hand, the priest I'll hum, Sir.

Captain. 'Till I'm restor'd, amuse 'em both
Again my friend I'll rank ye;

Darby. I wonder how is little Quiz?

Enter QUIZ and MABEL.

Quiz. I'm pretty well, I thank ye.

My Mabel, by the god of war,
Is a celestial Houry;
As fine a bride as man can wish,
When here you down her dowry.

Mabel. Like scissars hung in apron string,
Or dangled here a locket;
But touch my cash, and that and you,
I'll put into my pocket.

Captain. Come, come, agree,
Like man and wife,
And very well you'll both do.

Mabel. Ay, by the god of war we will.

Quiz. Already got my oath too.

Darby. Friend Quiz, your hand, I give you joy,
Of spousy and her riches;
This comfort still is yours my boy,
She ne'er can wear the bréeches.

Quiz. Then let the chine and turkey smoke,
Good cheer o'erspread the table;

Darby. The wedding, such a merry joke,
Of little Quiz and Mabel.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in MABEL FLOURISH's House.*

Enter MABEL and OLMUTZ.

OLMUTZ.

TRUE—all prank—scoundrel Darby.

Mabel F. And really it was you his Highness intended for me?

Olm. Yes,—curfed Irish jokes—lose fortune (*aside*)—bring me—in scrape—run off—girl—captain—then treacherous thief inform—Marshal.

Mabel F. What Flora! why here's the poor girl in the next room putting on a suit of officer's clothes that I ventured to lend her—Ha, ha, ha! the foolish child vows that she'll run about, the Lord knows where, till she finds her sweetheart Rupert.

Olm. Then—don't know—Rupert's home—but let's mind own affairs—no talking here—dear Mabel, promise—meet eight this evening—foot stone bridge—near old centry box—private.

(*Bell rings.*)

Mabel F. Coming!—Hush, my dear Olmutz, if you'll be discreet, I don't know but I may walk that way.

Olm. Remember eight—fine woman (*kisses her hand*).

[*Exit Mabel F.*

Hey! Rupert—all fire—flame, loss of damsel—suppose

suppose try——can't bring Darby——banging here?

Enter RUPERT.

Rup. Strange that nobody can give me any certain intelligence of Flora.—Ha, my old friend Olmutz!

Olm. Rupert,—welcome home (*shakes hands*).

Rup. Perhaps you can tell me——

Olm. Sweetheart Flora?—poor boy! she's——

Rup. What! Speak! Quick!

Olm. Han't heard Darby's running away then——for Captain?

Rup. What captain?—Who is this Darby?

Olm. This way—tell all know—now even—Mr. Darby. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in Mabel's.*

NORAH discovered at a toilet.

Norah (rising). There I have got tolerably free from the dust of the road, without the aid of olympian dew. How my coming must surprise my Patrick, but the less expected, the more joyful our meeting.

AIR.—NORAH.

Oh come, my foldier, meet my fight,

Full far I've come to thee;

No foe now dares you to the fight,

But gentle love and me;

My foldier doats on fierce alarms,

Where foes in battle join;

But when the trumpet sounds to arms,

Oh let him fly to mine.

In

In camps how rough by Mars array'd
 There fate attends his will,
 At home you hear each tender maid,
 " Ah ! was he form'd to kill ;"
 In charms secure the fair advance,
 And ere an arrow flies ;
 He looks around, and at each glance,
 A wounded maiden dies.

Father L. (without) Never mind, honey, I see the door, so I can find out the room myself.

Enter FATHER LUKE and MABEL FLOURISH.

Norah. Well, uncle, have you heard anything of my husband ?

Father L. Yes, I've heard more than's good of him.

Norah. What ! no harm ? Dear, Sir, tell me !

Father L. Be quiet ; let me alone.

Mabel F. Do you chuse any refreshment, madam ?

Father L. Landlady, you seem a discreet body ; you must know that I am Father Luke, the Parish Priest of Carton in the kingdom of Ireland ; and my niece Norah there was left by her husband at Berlin, only that he might have his full swing here among the women ; so we wou'd not have him see her till she comes souse upon him in the middle of his jokes.

Enter QUIZ, with a Case Bottle.

Quiz. A bottle of Hibernian usquebaugh, my beautiful bride, a present to you.

Mabel F. Will you keep your mouth shut.

Quiz. I'll only open it once more (*drinks*).

Father L. I'd like to converse a little in that way myself.

Quiz.

Quiz. My dear, Darby sent it you.

Mabel F. Will you ha' done.

Quiz. There, I spike my cannon, by the god of war (*corks the bottle*).

Father L. Landlady, hav'n't you any snug corner that the child here might be free from apprehensions?

Norah. Dear uncle, what shou'd I be afraid of?

Mabel F. Madam, will you step into my own room——?

Quiz. Ma'am, pray step into my own room.

Mabel F. There's only a young girl there, that was used ill by the soldiers.

Quiz. Soldiers use girls ill! wife, who's man of the house?

Father L. Aye, where's the man of the house?

Quiz. If you can't see him, Doctor, on with your spectacles.

Father L. Faith they wou'd be necessary, for you're small print—Man o' the house!—You're a neat couple, ha, ha, ha! Who married you?

Quiz. The chaplain. But I'm oblig'd to Darby; 'twas he help'd me to a wife.

Father L. Upon my word, and he help'd you plentifully.

Norah. Come, uncle——

Father L. Norah, child, do you sift the landlady about Pat, and I'll try what I can get from the landlord (*apart*). I han't tasted any usquebaugh a great while. [*Exeunt NORAH and MABEL. (QUIZ going; FATHER L. stops bim.)* Stay—As that young creature wou'n't be seen as yet; now don't you go snearing at your neighbours, and run about the town bragging and boasting, that you've got Father Luke in your house (*approaching bim by degrees*).

Quiz.

Quiz. Boast! my greatest boast is, that I've myself in my house.

Father L. Indeed! (*endeavouring to take the bottle from him.*)

Quiz. It is, by the god of war!

Father L. Come, come, ha' done cursing and swearing before me.

Quiz. Servant (*going*).

Father L. Stop; tell me, is that usquebaugh orthodox—did you get it from Drogheda?

Quiz. Drogheda! No. Don't I tell you I got it from Darby?

Father L. If it's the Darby I once knew, you had it from a great sinner, that cou'dn't give you anything good—

Quiz. Hey! do you know Darby?—try it—(*offers the bottle*).

Father L. What, ask a clergyman to drink drams! Arrah, boy, what sort of a man are you? I'm sure it can't be good (*drinks*)—nor it can't be wholesome (*drinks*)—(*bell rings*).

Quiz. Halt! (*to FATHER LUKE.*)

Olm. (*without*) Landlord Quiz!

Quiz. That's Olmutz—Oh, true; he told me he'd give me some hints about my spouse and Darby, that I, as a man of honor ought to know (*bell rings*). That vile bell! by the god of war, I'll soon have drums, trumpets, and drum-sticks in every room! [*Exit.*]

Father L. You little guarlock, how full of prate you are (*sits and drinks*).—That Darby is—

Enter DARBY.

a wicked rogue—but his usquebaugh's a heavenly cordial.

Darby.

Darby. Father Luke! How the plague did he find our mess-house out? Now will he tease me with inquiries about Pat; but I'll stop his mouth with a round lie at once.

Father L. (chaunts) Oh, this is heavenly liquor!

Darby. (chaunts.) And as good for poor me as the vicar.—Good morrow to your Holiness!

Father L. Is it—Darby!

Darby. Yes it is—is it—my bottle!

Father L. No, it is not!—ha, ha, ha!—Well, this is so strangely comical! There you left me, telling my beads in Ireland; and now you find me reading my book here in Germany.

Darby. Why, Sir, I think it's my book you have been reading; but if your Reverence pleases, I'll read a chapter now; for, I suppose, by this you have it by heart.

Father L. It will do you no good, as you don't know Latin.

Darby. Oh, yes; I know that a dram is Latin for goose; and if its good for your Reverence, it must be good for me; for what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Father L. Why, you're in liquor, you fellow!

Darby. You're out there—for it's liquor's in me.

Father L. Who are you here, and what are you? Oh, you unlucky cur! how you ran out of Carton, with all the constables after you:—besides, you were over head and ears in debt.

Darby. Only up to the chin—so I swam away. But, Sir, please your Reverence, now you talk of curs, did my little dog go back to Carton? he followed me a bit of the road, but I drove him from me;

me; you remember I call'd him little Unicorn,
because he had but one ear.

AIR—DARBY.

I'll sing you a song, faith I'm singing it now, here,
I don't mean t'affront either small or big bow wow, here.
The subject I've chosen, it is of the canine race,
To prove, like us two legged dogs, they are a very fine race.
Bow, wow, wow.

Like you and I, some other dogs, may be counted sad dogs,
And as we don't drink water, some may think us mad dogs;
A courtier's a spaniel, a citizen's a dull dog:
A soldier is a mastiff, a sailor is a bull-dog.
Bow, wow, wow.

An old maid comes from church, to the poor no lady kinder,
A lusty dog her footman, with prayer-book behind her;
A poor boy begs a farthing, and gets a handsome kicking,
But little Shock, her lap dog, must have a roasted chicken.
Bow, wow, wow.

When filly dogs for property, uncle, son, and brother,
Grip and snarl mighty gruff, and worry one another;
Should they a bit of equity from Justice beg the loan of,
That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries quick the bone off.
Bow, wow, wow.

A poet's a lank grey-hound, for the public he runs game down,
A critic is a cur, and strives to run his fame down;
And though he cannot follow where the noble sport invites him,
He slyly steals behind, and by the heel he bites him.
Bow, wow, wow.

You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed them you are able,
Your dog for his morsel crouches under your table,
Your friends turn tail in misfortune or disaster,
But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his master.
Bow, wow, wow.

But when did you come, Sir; and how did you find
out this house? Dear Sir, where is Madam No-
rah your niece?

Father L. Oh, then they don't know she's here
(*aside*). Why Darby, I left her at Potsdam.

Darby.

Darby. Here's a lying old thief ; but I'll match him at that game—what shall I tell him—I'll tell him Pat's dead (*aside*).

Father L. You've met her husband Patrick in your German travels, I suppose ?

Darby. The Captain ?—Oh yes.

Father L. It seems he has been playing pretty pranks here.

Darby. Then he has heard all (*aside*).

Father L. I am a Priest ; but upon my function, were I like him, an Irish Officer in a foreign service, and had brought such a disgrace upon my country, I verily believe nothing but my own blood cou'd wash away the stain of it.

Darby. A good hint to send the Captain off like a shot (*aside*). Then, Sir, you've heard of Pat's blowing his brains out.

Father L. Me!—Not I!—Pat dead!—Oh dear, my poor niece!—Norah!—Norah!—(*calls.*)

Darby. Lord, Sir, d'ye think she can hear you at Potzdam ?

Father L. But how, Darby ?—When ?

Darby. Last night—a pistol——

Father L. But for what ?

Darby. Because Marshal Fehrbellin spoke saucy to him.

Father L. Oh, the shallow fool!—Oh dear!—Oh dear!—Where shall I find comfort?

Darby. In the book. (*points to the bottle*).

Father L. What! this?—You unfeeling, you hardened soul! to give me such advice (*drinks it off*).

Darby. Ah! your Reverence won't be hardened, if a drop can soften you.

DUET.

DUET.

Father L. And oh is he gone?—whirra strua! poor Pat!
So sorry—

Darby (shows the empty bottle). Look here—

Father L. I'm sorry for that.

My grief is so great, not a tear can I cry;

Darby. And yet, my good Sir, you've a sup in your eye.

Father L. Go! go! take your liquor away from me;

Darby. Oh! oh! does it give you such pain?

Father L. And ne'er bring your Usquebaugh bottle again to me,

Darby. No!

Father L. No, no, Darby, no! till you fill it again.

[Exit.

Darby. Ha, ha, ha! Pat must not be found alive; then my lie is all a story—Eh!—little Quiz (*looking out*) and Olmutz—Olmutz takes him under the arm, and to my certain knowledge, the hypocritical knave has an assignation with his bride, this very evening, at the foot of the Oder Bridge.

Enter Quiz.

Quiz. Hem!—your servant—Sir!

Darby. Now I'd as lieve a friend wou'd give me a knock o'the head as call me Sir.

Quiz. Aye? Then I'm the friend that wou'd as soon do one as t'other.

Darby. Wou'd you, faith?

Quiz. I wou'd, by the god of war!

Darby. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dapper bridegroom! Do you know, Quiz, that I've bespoke a wig-box as a cradle for your first child.

Quiz. What, laugh'd at too? Do you know that I have been a man of spirit from the shell? As the great Quiz Hercules in his cradle strangled a serpent, I in mine throttled a couple of kittens.

c

—When

—When a boy, to practice storming a town, I broke all the neighbours' windows—In our maurauding parties, I was the terror of the ducks and goslings—though in red breeches, scorn'd to run away from a turkey cock—struck fire from the flash of a pan—roasted our booty upon a ram-rod—slept in a mortar—and for my music made a great gun my German-flute, by whistling in the touch-hole!

Darby. Well?

Quiz. And you to trick a man like me into a marriage with this Mabel—only to carry on your own design upon her!

Darby. Who the devil told you that?

Quiz. My friend Olmutz, firrah.

Darby. Oh, then it's he that has prim'd this pocket-pistol.

Quiz. How dare you serve me so, you little Irish rascal? I only want an occasion to fight you.

Darby. Occasion!—Rascal will do well enough for a Prussian soldier.

Quiz. I'll save you the trouble-of washing your ugly face—I'll blow your head off, by the god of war!

Darby. Well, that's very kind—but where shall I bring it to you?

Quiz. Aye, where shall we meet?

Darby. I have a shrewd guess at the time and place of Olmutz and Mabel's appointment (*aside*). What think ye of the stone bridge over the Oder, about eight? I'll borrow Captain Patrick's pistols, you bring yours, and with our backs again the centry-boxes, how we'll thunder away.

Quiz. We will, by the god of war! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Inside of MABEL's House.*

Enter FATHER LUKE and NORAH.

Father L. And so, niece, this is the young woman your husband had dragg'd out of the house by the soldiers?

Norah. Yes, Sir:—but it seems it was all owing to Darby, that idle foolish fellow that's ever in some mischief.

Father L. Darby! aye, the run-a-gate scape-grace, what a story did he trump up of Pat's death. But bid the young woman there come out——

Norah. My dear uncle, any attempt to dissuade her from going in search of her lover is fruitless, for go she will—and here she comes, equipp'd for her travels.

Enter FLORA, from the room, in boy's clothes.

Father L. Oh fie! by my function, child, you don't look like a Christian woman.

Flora. Am I like a Christian man? that's all I want to look like at present.

Father L. Child, child, I'm ashamed of you!

Flora. It don't signify talking, Sir; for to find out my Rupert is the fixed determination of my heart; and this dress will secure me from the insolence that I so lately suffered—for the poor-hearted wretch that has courage enough to insult a woman, often wants spirit to attack a man!—Aye, and as well as the bravest of you, woman can despise danger where she truly loves.

Father L. Well said, my little champion of Christendom!

Norab. Hold!—a little more of the masculine air won't be amiss (*places her bat*). There, I question if your lover cou'd know you. But now tell me, uncle, when shall I see my husband. Flora's account acquits him of the smallest intention to violence or seduction—Seek him out, I beg of you, and bring him to me.

AIR—NORAH.

Shipwreck'd on the foaming wave,
Sailors view a wat'ry grave;
I thus wreck'd, on seas of fear,
To my dearest love wou'd steer;
What cou'd then my peace annoy,
In that harbour of my joy?
Shou'd the winds rudely whistle, I'd heave a fond sigh,
And wish those on the billows as happy as I.

Love! my pilot and my guide,
Smile and soothe the angry tide;
Calms succeeding dread alarms;
Let me anchor in thy arms:
What cou'd then my peace annoy,
In that haven of my joy?
Shou'd the winds rudely whistle, I'd heave a fond sigh,
And wish those on the billows as happy as I.

Capt. P. (without) Is the young man above?

Norab. Heavens! his dear voice.

Flora. Inquiring for me.

Norab. My beloved husband!

Father L. Be quiet, with your love—This story of Pat's death must have been concerted to further some of his frolics—But, I've a thought to fit him, ha, ha, ha! Hark'e, honey, who knows in the house here that you have put on these clothes?

Flora. Only Mabel, of whom I borrowed them.

Father L. Ha, ha, ha! well, step in there both of you.

Norab.

Norab. Sir——

Father L. Go, go, child, and don't dispute my clergy. [*Exeunt Norab and Flora.*]

Ha, ha, ha! he and Darby have had their joke upon me, now I'll have my joke upon them.

Enter Captain PATRICK.

Capt. P. Where's Flora? Ha! My dear Father Luke!

Father L. Can you be Pat?—Oh, child, if you're dead, tell me?

Capt. P. My good uncle, how glad I am to see you! Is my wife, my dear Norah, come?

Father L. Come—ah Pat! why did you give out that you were dead? But if you were really so (as till this instant we thought you) your Norah wou'd have been another man's wife in half an hour.

Capt. P. I don't understand you.

Father L. Nay, I never thought him so handsome as everybody says—to me he's a most effeminate milk-sop—But upon his journey hither he was so full of his complaisance; such handling of your wife into the coaches, and out of the coaches, and up stairs and down stairs; and so busy at buckling on trunks, and smart at paying reckonings——

Capt. P. What is this?

Father L. And then here the moment he arrives in the camp, the first thing she hears is of you, her lawful husband, running away with the gooseberry girl; and then Marshal Rumbellin pulling the cockade out of your hat—But your blowing out your brains with a pistol—oh, Pat, Pat! that did your business at once.

Capt. P. How!

Father L. Why you know that made your wife a widow—But had I known that you were still alive, I'd as soon have set fire to the Chapel of Loretto, as have married Norah to this chap.

Capt. P. Married Norah!

Father L. Child, child! what made you shoot yourself?

Capt. P. Ridiculous! who cou'd invent—Who told you such an absurd falsehood?

Darby (without). Quiz, go to the ground, I'll follow you.

Father L. Who told me! only your best man, Darby, and here he comes. And now the young chap within here shall take up the game (*aside*). [*Exit.*

Capt. P. And have I, by my folly, lost my Norah's heart, or worse—has it receiv'd the impression of another?

Enter DARBY.

Darby. Master, will you lend me your pistols?

Capt. P. I'll pistol you (*collars him*).

Darby. Oh, worthy Pat! Generous Captain!

Capt. P. What's this you've been telling Father Luke, you miscreant! your infernal tricks have been the cause of all my shame and distress.

Darby. Here's friendship! Oh, that ever I sold my farm.

Enter RUPERT.

Rup. (lays hold of Darby) You're the ruffian that took my Flora from her father's house—No struggling—tell me this instant where she is, or I'll hue you to pieces (*draws*).

Darby (dropping on his knees). Sir, she's—Oh, why did I sell my farm—

Re-

Re-enter FLORA, in her disguise.

Flora. 'Tis indeed my Rupert (*aside*). Hey! what noise is all this, firrah?

Darby. Another mastiff set upon me.

Flora. Gentlemen, your making a noise at the door of my apartment, is what I don't understand—Demme!

Darby. Oh, this is indeed a fine fellow—(*rises and stands behind Flora*) Yes, making a noise is what I don't understand—Demme!

Flora. You've frightened a lady here within, that's under my protection, and let me tell you it's very unmanly——

Darby. Yes, its very unmannerly—Hem!

Capt. P. 'Sdeath, he cannot mean my wife?

Rup. I'll answer you presently, Sir (*to Flora*). No more trifling—where's Flora? (*to Darby.*)

Darby. What's that to you?

Flora. Flora!—Oh, the little fruit girl—She is cursed fond of me!

Rup. Indeed!

Flora. Oh, yes; she had once some silly notions of a swaggering puppy, one Rupert I think, but they are all fled since I have been her devoted slave——

Rup. Villain! defend yourself (*draws*).

Capt. P. (*interposing*) Hold, my dear Sir, are you mad?

Darby. Ay, are you mad, Rupert, you rogue?

Flora. Then I presume you are Rupert—your pardon. But no occasion to be jealous of me now, for my soul is entirely devoted to my Norah, the charming widow of the ridiculous Captain Patrick.

Capt. P. (*draws*) Draw this moment.

Rup. (interposing) Stop, Sir, are you mad?

Darby. Are you both mad, you rogues?

Capt. P. Sir, this affair demands immediate satisfaction.

Rup. Sir, my claim of revenge is prior——

Flora. Gentlemen, I don't know what you mean, only give me fair play, and I think I'm a match for you both.

Darby. Bravo! bravo! my little hero!—Take them as the boys box, one down 'tother come on.

QUARTETTO.

Flora. The lovely fair within that room my wife shall be;

Capt. P. And how, Sir, are you sure of that?

Flora. Ah! she loves me,

Capt. P. 'Sdeath, Sir, what's that you say, quick answer speedily;

Rup. What of my Flora?—tell me first;

Flora. Oh she loves me.

Both. She loves thee!

Darby. He loves she,

Flora. And for her sweet fake, you Sir; or you, I'll see.

Darby. To 'em, my little cock-a-nowns, oh you're my Gramachree.

Both. What, my love loves thee!

Flora. Aye, thy love loves me;

Darby. Knock their heads together;

Flora. Have at you, one, two, three.

Darby. Dear Sir, leave me out; a wicked rogue's our little Gramachree.

Both. Satisfaction you must give most surely now to me.

Flora. Fire or sword, when love's the word—have at you, one, two, three.

Darby. Oh what a tearing hero, our little Gramachree!

[*Exeunt.*

Manet DARBY.

Darby. I come on well here in the German wars—Yesterday I had a dozen drummers, out of great love for my health, standing about me, ready with a crimson waistcoat to keep my back warm—
—and

—and here my kind countryman, Captain Paddy buries his knuckles in my throat, never considering that it may spoil my singing—Another Sclavonian Mohawk flourishes his scythe about my ears—and there little Quiz is this moment waiting to blow my head over the stone bridge—I'm in a good thriving way—These two men of war have frightened me so, Quiz will certainly discomfit me if I can't hit upon some stratagem to make him more afraid than myself.—Mabel and Olmütz are gone to their appointment, at the very spot where I'm to meet Quiz—I've great hopes of his finding them out; and yet what good will that do me!—Heigh-ho!—poor Darby!—why did you sell your farm?
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *and last.*—*A View of the Oder, two Centinels' Boxes at the Foot of the Bridge.*

Enter Quiz with Pistols.

Quiz. I thought I'd be first—aye, I guess'd the fellow wou'd be afraid to meet me—a cowardly poltroon; oh! how I'll roast him for this; how I'll twig him round the camp with a whale-bone ram-rod—Hey! if that's he, he's plaguy punctual—

Darby (*without*). Who's there?

Quiz. It's I!

Darby (*without*). The enemy?

Quiz. Your mortal foe!—so take your ground.

Enter DARBY with Blunderbusses.

Darby. Stop, don't be rash—In Ireland we always take these things cool.

Quiz. Yes, I believe I've cool'd you.

Enter

Enter a PEASANT with a Sack, Pick-axe, Spade, &c.

Darby. Lay the tools down there.

Quiz. Tools! what tools do we want but the pistols?

Darby. First put down the sack.

Quiz. Is it a sack of oats?

Darby. Here spread the saw-dust.

Quiz. Saw-dust! for what?

Darby. To soak up the blood.

Quiz. Soak up my blood! (*PEASANT scatters wdust.*)

Darby. Very well—give me the two blunderbusses, charg'd with razor-blades (*PEASANT gives them*).—Retreat! [*Exit PEASANT.*]

Quiz. (*terrified*)—Blunderbusses charged with razor-blades!

Darby. Now to settle the grand point.

Quiz. But pray, what do we want with the pick-axe and shovel?

Darby. The thing I'm going to talk about—It's our custom in Ireland, when gentlemen fight without seconds, as we are now going to do, if one shou'd be kill'd, which is generally the case, to prevent any ill consequences of the law to the conqueror, we have two ways of disposing of the dead gentleman.

Quiz. Dead gentleman!

Darby. One method is to dig up the fresh sod, and bury the body there, sweet and wholesome, on the spot—that's the Galway kick. The other is putting it into the sack that brings the saw-dust, and tipping it into the river—now that's the Tipperary touch.

Quiz.

Quiz. Then damme if I have either a Galway kick or a Tipperary touch.

Darby. No!

Quiz. D'ye want to murder me?

Darby. Sir, if you object to these decent things it's not handsome of you.

Quiz. Well, I'll be as ugly as old Nick before you shall handsomely touch me into the river—for I'll not fight, by the god of war!

Darby. Nonsense! take up the piece, and off we go—

Quiz (*going*). Yes, off I go.

Father L. (*without*) Where are they?

Darby. And here now—sure you wou'd not be so ungentle as to disappoint the priest, that I bespoke on purpose to bury us like Christians.

Quiz. I won't—I won't be buried like a Christian.

Enter FATHER LUKE.

Father L. No! oh, fie, you profligate—arraha *Darby*!—what are you going to do with the little fellow?

Quiz. The ruffian had a criminal design upon my dear and virtuous wife; and because I civilly ask'd him about it, he wants to shoot, stuff me into a sack, and either bury me under the sod, or tip me into the river.

Darby. Virtuous wife! oh, oh (*aside*). What have I nobody to shoot after practising the whole evening—I'll not put up with slander—'twas the scoundrel Olmutz let you on to abuse me.

Quiz. Olmutz is my true friend.

Darby. There, suppose your true friend stood here (*pointing to a centinel's box*) then you'd see how I'd use him.

Father L. You'd have a rare mark—fire away,
Darby, *Darby.*

Darby. Then dash goes a brace of pistols through the centry-box (*presents*).

Enter from the centinel's box, OLMUTZ and MABEL shrieking.

There's your virtuous wife and your true friend.

Father L. Upon my word, they are a queer couple of Prussian troopers.

Quiz. Oh! I see how it is—Darby, I ask your pardon; do you give Olmutz a Galway kick, and I'll give my wife a Tipperary touch.

Darby. Olmutz, what brought you here?

Olm. Come out—be Quiz's second.

Quiz. Sir—I want no second.

Olm. Oh! that case, Sir, good night. [*Exit.*

Quiz. Well, Sir, good night—centry box, Sir—I've a mind to send a brace of razor-blades after you—So, wife, you come here to be second too.

Mabel F. No, husband—I was here first. [*Exit.*

Father L. I'll be bound she was—But Darby, boy, have you seen the Captain and the young Huffer?

Darby. Here come the very tygers.

Enter Captain PATRICK and RUPERT.

Rup. Our little bully has given us the slip.

Capt. P. He was seen coming this way.

Enter NORAH and FLORA.

Flora. Well, Gentlemen, here I am: (*presents Norah*) here's my friend too, who is ready to hold the Captain in play whilst I am a match for you, Sir Rupert, if you've still a heart to engage your Flora.

Rup.

Rup. Flora! is it indeed? my sweet—my faithful girl (*embraces her*).

Father L. Pat, isn't the chap a tight little Hero?

Capt. P. Flora, the dreaded rival in my wife's affections!

Norab. No—only in my Patrick's—ah! my naughty husband—

Father L. Take care, Pat, whenever you take a fancy to die while you live, you'll always be sure to find your wife a widow.

Capt. P. All the mischiefs of the day are owing to that villain Darby—

Darby. Be quiet with your knuckles, Pat, I desire—Lord, I'm afraid to—

Quiz. You're afraid!—Oh, then by the god of war—I'll—(*strutting up to Darby*).

Darby. Stop, you're not a Captain Pat, nor am I a little Quiz—I desire pardon from all, for had I known that the Captain's regular meal (*points to Norab*) was so soon to be serv'd up, I shoudn't have provided this dam'son tart—(*points to Flora*) to stay his stomach.

Capt. P. But, I hope my Norah will take an example of clemency from his Prussian Majesty, who on his arrival restored me to my command—whilst in disgrace I dared not approach my faithful wife, but henceforth my attention to her shall be exemplary—Yet man, even as he should be, is scarce worthy of the blessings bestowed on him by the possession of an amiable and virtuous woman.

FINALE.

Captain. Oh now let the drum
Beat, company come,
And let the clarionets play;
And, oh, little fife
Now whistle for life
While merry we foot it away;

Darby.

Darby. For Fortune turns her wheel,
And with us she'll dance a reel;
The late whining fellow,
Now jovial and mellow,
To jollity ring a peal.

Quiz. As sure as a gun,
We'll shew you such fun,
As never was seen before;
Like officers swear,
And tatter and tear,
And like a cannon we'll roar.

Darby. Quiz—

Quiz. Darby did you call?

Father L. Ye Devils, how loud ye bawl!

Quiz. To house, bed, and table,
Of Quiz

Mabel. And poor Mabel
You're heartily welcome all.

CHORUS.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

Father L. A sad wicked place,
A very sad case!
Here nothing I'll get to do;
Child, put on your cap—(to *Flora*)
And here in a flap
I'll marry that younker (to *Rupert*) and you.
If you don't take't amiss, (to *Mabel*),
I'd like to bury poor Quiz
Without any money,
Your hand, my dear honey—
So much I like your phiz.

CHORUS.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

Flora. Oh, maidens take care,
By example beware,
If ruin you'd wish to shun;

Norab. Nor trust to your charms,
When once from your arms,
You suffer your spoufey to run.

Flora.

OR, PATRICK IN PRUSSIA. 47

Flora. Like birds held in a string
They'll hop about, then take wing.

Norah. From twig to bough flying,
Your sobbing nor crying,
Ne'er back can the wanton bring.

CHORUS.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

THE END.

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